The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLI January 5, 1945 NUMBER 12

THE WEEK 291
THE BISHOP AND THE CIO
Most Reverend Bernard J. Sheil 294
OF RAIN AND DUST (*Verse*) *Irma Wassall* 296
MAN WHO WENT AROUND IN A CIRCLE
Albert Eisele 297
BLACK AND WHITE IN ENGLAND
Donald Attwater 299
THE SOCIAL SECURITY TAX FREEZE
Harvey Lebrun 301
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 303
EDITORS' CHOICE 304
Road to the Ocean
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 306
Sunday after the War—Crab Apple Jelly—Contemporary Spanish-American Fiction
THE INNER FORUM *Lewis Furlan* 308

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.*

Published weekly and copyrighted 1944 in the U.S.A. by THE COMMONWEAL Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. AShland 4-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U.S. $5 a year. Canada and Foreign $6. Single copies 10c.

Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*; C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor*; JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor*; JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*.

The Pope on Personalism

DOUBTLESS the most startling sections of Pius XII's Christmas message dealt with his discussion of the characteristics of a true democracy. Impelled by his conviction that the war has led to a new birth of democratic aspiration, the Pope proceeded to analyze what in the Christian sense constitutes the essence of democracy. One of the essentials is the right of the individual citizen "to express his own views of the duties and sacrifices that are imposed on him." The other basic right is that the citizen is "not compelled to obey without being heard." And naturally such rights can obtain in certain types of monarchy as well as in a republic.

The other important element in the realization of true democracy in the Christian sense is that those in power recognize that their authority comes from God and that human society is constituted with a divine purpose. The Pope holds that the "majesty of positive law . . . cannot subsist except in so far as it respects the foundations on which the human personality rests, no less than the State and the Government. This is the fundamental criterion of every healthy form of government, including democracy. It is the criterion by which the moral value of every particular law should be judged. . . ."

Most provocative of all is the contrast which Pope Pius draws between "a real people" and "the masses." The former is comprised of persons each "conscious of his own responsibility and his own views. The masses, on the contrary, wait for the impulse from the outside, an easy plaything in the hands of anyone who exploits their instincts and impressions; ready to follow, in turn, today this flag, tomorrow another. . . ."

How in the United States are we to develop a people capable of playing their due rôle in the operation of our American democracy? We have here the most highly developed techniques for the regimentation of mass opinion. Our country is largely and increasingly urban. So many things are standardized. Consider our newspaper chains, mass circulation metropolitan dailies and popular magazines, syndicated columns, nationwide broadcasting chains, nationally patronized movies, the influence of Columbia's Teachers College in our vast public school system, our books of the month, our standardized clothes, cars, furniture, food, etc., etc. The pressure is tremendous. If the great preponderance of Americans are to have their own views and assume their proper civic responsibilities, it can therefore only be through appropriate institutional means. It is too much to hope that Americans can accomplish this as isolated individuals. In these times it is only through the educative experience of active membership in small groups organized for the widest range of social purposes that the American people can come into their own. That is one reason why labor union locals, cooperative stores, credit unions, study groups with specific purposes, parent-teacher associations, and active parish groups of various kinds are potentially of such paramount importance.

Misfortune of War

WE HAVE not heard anyone saying that the American First Army is led by fascist minded officers who have not their heart in their work, and that its NCO's—indoctrinated for years by pacifist school teachers or by revolutionary labor leaders—would ruin any army anyway; and that many of the troops that compose the First Army come from the depressed and unpatriotic areas which surround some of our great cities and so cannot be counted on. We have not heard it said that if the Germans are advancing then something must be rotten in our army and in our country. We have heard only that the American First Army is fighting very hard but that the German pressure, when suddenly applied, was too great for any troops, however devoted, to withstand, and that consequently the Germans advanced, consequently the Americans were driven back. We

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been given, and we have accepted, a military explanation for a military situation. We have been told that brave men do not always advance and that a line held by brave men is sometimes broken. We have been told that this is so; we know in our hearts now that this is so.

Supposing we think now of the time when we did not know that this could be so. After all it is the same forest. The name is the same: the Ardennes; the objectives are the same: Namur, Liège . . . Sedan. It is just the year which is different: 1945 and not 1940. The blow came suddenly in 1940 and it has come suddenly now again. In 1940 the French did not close the gap; in 1945 the gap will be closed. Because of the matchless power we and our allies have prepared, and are still incessantly preparing. In 1940 that power was not present. The French broke.

And then there was all the talk about fascists, pacifist school teachers, the Popular Front, Blum. Very little about brave men who were surprised and overpowered. Daladier was no good, Gamelin dreamed manoeuvers on paper; all the people who had been refugees in France came to America as refugees and told us about the French weakness, the French betrayals. We therefore did not think about the French armies in the way we now are thinking—with so pressing a devotion—about our American First Army. And of course it is always that way about other peoples. It was that way about the Italians at Caporetto and about all the Italians throughout all this war. And it was the same thing about General Gough and the British Fifth Army in the other war and, when things were going badly in Africa, it was that way about the British in general and at Dunkirk, and in Singapore: the British were wonderful at retreating. That is what we were saying.

It is only now that our main forces are locked in combat with the main forces of the enemy, the infantry with the enemy infantry, and the winter night falling over the cold troops—over our troops, over the enemy troops. It is now that we reach the heart of the war, the darkness.

So that it is only now that we can know what it was like in the other war, what it is like in war. When troops are driven back. Anyone's troops. All our memories were of troops advancing; in the other war our troops came when the time was for advancing and they advanced. In all this war they have advanced. Up till now, when they are not advancing. And soon they will advance again. But we know now what it is like to be driven back. Now we know what it was like for the French in 1940 and what it would be like for our troops if it were 1940 and there was nothing back of them to help them. We know now what it was like when all the terrible moments came to all the armies in all the wars.

Meddling in Spanish Politics

THE record of THE COMMONWEAL with regard to Franco Spain is well known in its general outlines to the American reading public. We have consistently opposed that régime as imposed and perpetuated by violence. We have featured in recent months a series of articles by Alfredo Mendizábal (the latest of which is to appear next week) which have sought to indicate the steps whereby a Spanish Republic truly representative of the wishes of the people might be established. The realization of this objective has always seemed to us essential for peace in the world.

Precisely for this reason we are strongly opposed to the efforts of the *Nation* to bring about at this time a break in diplomatic relations between Spain and the United States. Despite the present German drive, the defeat of Hitler Germany is inevitable. And with that defeat and the peace settlement, the fall of Hitler's friend, Franco, is almost certain.

What would be the effect at present of American intervention in the form of a diplomatic break? In the first place it would win back to Franco a number of dissident elements, who would join him in order to protest against such a national affront. Then, since this move is almost wholly inspired by communist and fellow-traveling elements, it would open the way toward an upheaval in which revenge and reprisals would set back the hopes of Spanish peace and justice even further. In this connection it must be mentioned that regardless of the various American "liberals" who have been taken in to the point of lending their names and vocal talents to the *Nation's* Spanish protest meeting, the leading figure therein is Alvarez del Vayo, for several years now that weekly's "political war" editor. It has long seemed to us highly unfitting that a periodical which prides itself on three quarters of a century of leadership of American liberal opinion should have in this important post a foreign politician—from whatever other nation and regardless of political affiliations and sympathies. Why should Señor del Vayo at this point be allowed to utilize this position to agitate for American support for a political move and a faction with which he has long been associated—a communist faction at that?

As Professor Mendizábal will explain more fully in THE COMMONWEAL next week, there are two recent developments which augur well for the Spanish people. One is the convocation in Mexico of the Spanish Republican Parliament by its President, Martínez Barrio, January 10; the other is the démarche of Don Miguel Maura, former Spanish Minister of the Interior, demanding directly of the Caudillo the peaceful withdrawal of Franco and the Falange in favor of a national

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coalition government which would prepare a new republican régime. Both Maura and Barrio agree on the only possible solution for the Spanish people. A break with Spain right now could hardly be more untimely.

"The Present Discontents"

THIS PAGE is about techniques, about institutions, tools, instruments. It is not about right and wrong. We constantly assume that men transcend institutions, we constantly forget that institutions can, on occasion, stultify men. We have been upset—we, all Americans and many Englishmen and Belgians and Greeks and Poles and perhaps even Russians—over the foreign policy of the American Government, over the State Department. There is something wrong, so we jump to the conclusion that someone is to blame, that the President is to blame, or that some nefarious "fascist-reactionary" hidden in the cool, beshuttered corridors of a period-piece structure flanking the White House, is to blame. Is it not possible—even likely, in view of the history of the last twenty-five years—that no one individual or group of individuals is to blame, that there is something wrong with the machinery, something wrong with the system? If this is true, it means that anyone short of a blithering idiot will do just as well as Mr. Stettinius or Mr. Hull or Mr. MacLeish or Mr. Dunn or Mr. Anybody. If this is true, we should be looking at the works rather than bawling out the workers. I believe that it is true and I believe that unless we examine the works and then change them, the United States will remind all men of what it actually is—a headless horseman.

Very simply stated, our Constitution provides that foreign policy shall be in the hands of the President, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." Obviously the President has to have help in this task. And so he names a Secretary of State, responsible to him, to do the detailed business of implementing what the President wants. Then when the give-and-take is over and the draft of a treaty has been made and everybody else besides ourselves is committed, the whole thing is dumped into the lap of the Senate in the hope that "two-thirds of the Senators present" will "concur." If they do not, then the President's desires are frustrated, all the painful lying-in period is utterly vain, the commitments secured are not worth the ink they were signed with.

All of this, in practice, means that the agents of our State Department constantly act with their hands tied. They cannot take responsibility, for they have not any reason to believe that they will be backed up. In the end we find ourselves preaching noble things, but refusing responsibility to make them real things; letting Mr. Churchill pull the chestnuts out of the fire, and then calling him names because he does it. Not only are we irresponsible in practice, but our irresponsibility is inherent in the institution our forefathers created for the handling of our foreign relations.

Is it necessary to labor the point that in 1787, with transportation and communication what it was, and with three thousand miles of frequently rough salt water between us and Europe, and with three thousand miles of wilderness plus five thousand miles of equally good salt water between us and Asia, the wisest foreign policy for these United States, "in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility," &c., &c., was the minimum foreign policy requisite to protect our trade and to make it safe and comfortable for the sons and daughters of our well-born to improve their minds and manners by travel? Is it necessary to labor the point that in 1945 we are living smack on top of all sorts of neighbors, and that they don't understand us, and that they are misinformed about us, and that they sometimes suspect our fine talk and would like to share some of the material blessings God has showered upon us? In such a world we must be able to play a very different part. If we are not, if we retain a machine in which the weights on the arms of the governor are set way out, to slow things up, we face a certain alternative. Either the rest of the world will give up in despair, simply refusing to bother to discuss anything with us, or the rest of the world will get a Carthaginian obsession about us.

The trouble lies in the lack of inter-relation between the various responsibilities in our system. The Secretary of State is responsible to the President. The President is responsible to the people. The Senate is responsible in part to the voters of the various States and in part to no one, since Senators are rarely elected on their records in foreign affairs. What is urgently needed is a reform whereby those who carry out the process of dealing with other countries are responsible directly and continuously to the body which constitutionally must ratify their actions in the end. To set up such a direct relationship would be automatically to create a heightened responsibility in that legislative body itself, since it would make obviously specious any plea that negotiations had been carried out without its knowledge or consent. The only alternative to this tightening of the bonds between the State Department and Congress would be to entrust our entire policy to the Executive—which would amount to taking the weights off the arms of the governor entirely. Next week—a blueprint of what we might do.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bishop and the CIO

A program for industrial democracy

The Most Reverend Bernard J. Sheil

To the seventh annual constitutional Convention of the CIO, held this year in Chicago, came some three hundred delegates, with barely suppressed eagerness, and a new sense of power. For they regarded November seventh as a new V-Day. They had not only gone into politics—they had won.

But their sense of power was diminished less by humility than by anxiety. It was not their sense of arrogance, but their accuracy of thought and feeling that made them aware that they were more than a part of the labor movement of America. They were the articulate group which could best think and fashion the ends and means, aspirations and decisions of the common man. For they were his symbol, his bread, his staff, his way of life.

They were closer to him, these men and women, than other kinds of men. They were closer to his heart and to his home. They knew how firm the faith and the strength of his beliefs. More was known by them of the stuff of resistance movements than by most in this our land. And they were humble and militant in their knowledge that their political victory was the beginning of the beginning. They knew, these labor delegates, that they were the stuff of their past; but they knew that their obligation to the past was, as Justice Holmes once put it, a necessity and not a duty. For they knew that the common man, not only in America, but everywhere, saw them as symbols of the best hope of the oppressed and graceless everywhere.

It was to this audience that Bishop Sheil was escorted by leaders of the CIO. It was before such men and women as these—men and women of differing religious faith, of different color and of creed—that he prayed: Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. It was to these people that he read the address printed below.

It was these men and these women who received his words in hushed and single silence. It was from these men and women that he received applause as he turned, escorted, away.

I do not want you to think that there was anything revolutionary in all this. All CIO conventions, and the conventions of most of their international unions, have had invocations and invocation addresses by Catholic clerics (as well as by those of other faiths). It was not this: it was not the applause that was unusual. Applause can be a sign of politeness; part of the tribute that even disagreement pays to the conventional.

What is worth noticing, what I felt and shared was that he put words on all the things that were voiceless for some of them; upon all the things that lived close to their hearts and in the top layers of their minds. It was because of this that these men and women authorized their officers to print and distribute these words, as a CIO pamphlet, to all Americans. (This pamphlet will be available sometime in 1945.) It was because Bishop Sheil had greatly summed up the history of their ideas, and given shape and context to their meaning in the life of this world.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

THE true measure of a people's greatness is its fidelity to its native ideals. For this truth, human experience yields more than sufficient evidence. Moreover, in our time it becomes increasingly clear that the ideals of a people must be based solidly upon truly human values: upon the dignity of men as children of the same God, redeemed by the same Christ; upon the worth of every soul fashioned in the image of God.

Such is the Christian, and the American, ideal. It is opposed to any social order which makes man merely the subject of an impersonal state or the bewildered pawn of a dehumanized economic system. The American ideal is a society, a brotherhood of *free* men: men free to think, to speak, to worship; men free from the domination of arbitrary political masters; men free from any economic strangulation which would make freedom the hollow catchword of demagogues. If democracy does not mean these things, then it is a perversion of that word.

This ideal is not confined only to those who dwell within the borders of this country. For the American ideal contains no narrow isolationist spirit; it expresses no hint of that type of national selfishness which denies the basic unity and the universal brotherhood of man. America must always remain the symbol of human freedom for all men; it must always remain the answer to the aspirations and hopes of all freedom-loving peoples, everywhere in the world.

We who unreservedly accept this traditional

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American credo believe that it offers to men the best opportunity for living a life that corresponds most closely to the very nature of man, a life that holds forth the promise of decency, of security and the fulfillment of human personality.

To preserve that way of life from the external threat of fascism, America has mustered her industrial and military might. To destroy fascism, the youth of America—your sons and your brothers—are now giving their lives all over the world. With God's assistance, victory shall be ours.

But victory shall not mark the end of the struggle. For there remains an internal threat to the American ideal; a threat, which, now that military victory seems assured, assumes sinister and formidable proportions. It is a threat which consists simply of groups and individuals who are unaware of the fact that an era has died, an era of selfishness and unfettered greed. These people usually belong to economic groups which possess the greatest measure of security and which—up to now—have had the strongest influence upon American affairs. Blinded by fear of changes they cannot understand or control, they cling tenaciously to their privileges and desperately defend their special interests. They would have us believe that a desire for economic security is incompatible with the American way of life. They would have us believe that labor should be a very silent partner, and should never, under any circumstances, mix in politics. They distrust the common people. Distrusting the people, they seek to restrict democracy; restricting democracy, they emasculate it; and, if they are allowed to continue, they will destroy it completely.

Obviously, there is no lack of faith in democracy among the masses of people throughout the world. They believe, and rightly so, that the answer to any threat of fascism is not less democracy but more democracy. If you doubt this, read the record of the resistance movements in Europe. Here is a chapter of human courage and faith that shall rank with the greatest military accomplishments. Here one finds ordinary people who literally with their bare hands withstood the most highly organized forces of brutality the world has ever seen. Here one finds a spiritual strength that refused the very notion of surrender or defeat, because these people had faith in man and in his ability to achieve freedom and decency. They hungered and thirsted and died because they believed above all in freedom: freedom from every oppression; freedom to work as dignified human beings; freedom to live in the way God intended His own children should live.

Let us have no illusions about the real issue of this struggle. Beneath the clash of military machines, below the surface of political differences and economic conflicts there is but one basic issue; and it is man himself and his place in the world of tomorrow. People everywhere are acutely aware of this and are asking some very pertinent questions. Are the common people to be considered capable of *real* freedom? Are they to be granted their rightful participation in the political and social institutions which they have helped to create, which they support, and under which they live? Above all, are the people, the workers of the world, to be given an equitable share of the wealth of the world? These are questions which ruthlessly cut across all lines of race, of political beliefs, of national differences. They are questions which spring from the very heart of the revolution in which we are living. And they are questions upon the answers to which the existence of democracy depends. To these questions we must give clear and fearless answers.

It seems to me that labor is the one group which can and will give the best and most concrete answers to these questions of the common man. And this is so, simply because labor is composed of common men. Labor knows what is close to the heart of the common man everywhere. Labor knows that the common man's desires are not excessive: they consist of a home, a piece of land; a stable job, an opportunity to educate his children. Labor knows that organization is the most efficient and the most enduring way of achieving these things. Labor knows, then, that for the future peace and for the extension of democracy, labor unions are an absolute necessity.

As a recognized and permanent force in American life, labor unions have a unique opportunity and a unique obligation in the peace that is to come. The unions can strike the most telling blows against a potent source of unrest and rebellion in the American nation: discrimination against Negroes. By admitting Negroes into its membership on a basis of equality, the unions can destroy economic injustice and beat down barriers of ill-will and stupid opposition. Similarly, the labor unions can help eradicate the cancer of anti-Semitism; a cancer which gnaws at the very vitals of American life; which if allowed to continue would shrivel America's heart and retard the realization of the American ideal. American democracy will never come to full flower until discrimination against Negroes and Jews and all minority groups is erased from our national and personal lives, for of such groups is made the greatness of America. Any discrimination tears into shreds the solidarity of the human race and makes a mockery of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Christ. We have asked the Negro and the Jew to fight and die for democracy; it would be the basest cynicism to refuse to share with them that democracy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another answer that labor can give to the persistent questioning of the common man is the guaranteed annual wage. From every standpoint this seems to me a fundamental requirement for full employment; for economic stability; for peace; finally for dignified human living. At this point I cannot refrain from saying that labor's demand for the revision of the Little Steel formula is both just and imperative. Surely all America knows the extraordinary record of war production made by the organized labor movement. It is a record which has amazed the world. This miraculous production was not the sole contribution of labor to the war effort. With it came a patience and a devotion to democracy expressed in its no strike pledge and its willingness to accept financial sacrifices in order to maintain an economy at war. The time is here—now—when labor cannot be asked to continue carrying an unfair part of the effort. The Little Steel formula must be revised.

In this connection of dignified human living, Pius XI, of happy memory, has said: "In the first place, the wage paid to the working man must be sufficient for the support of himself and of his family. . . . Every effort must therefore be made that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs. If in the present state of society this is not always feasible, social justice demands that reforms be introduced without delay which will guarantee every adult working man just such a wage. . . . Finally, the wage scale must be regulated with a view to the economic welfare of the *whole people.*" I believe that the guaranteed annual wage for the working man is just; it is socially necessary; it is economically feasible; it is a democratic imperative.

★

And in response to the yearning of the common man for his rightful participation in the institutions he helps to create, labor can and must do still another thing: it must work to bring about the day when labor and industry will sit down at the *same* conference table and *together* work out their common problems. In other words, collective bargaining must be extended to union-management cooperation. The union then becomes much more than an agency to settle grievances; it becomes the workers' means of participating in management. Labor and industry, freely and responsibly working together, will mutually benefit. I think this union-management cooperation was what Pius XI meant when he wrote: "Unless the various forms of human endeavor, dependent one upon the other, are united in mutual harmony and mutual support; unless, above all, brains, capital and labor combine together for common effort, man's toil cannot produce due fruit." And again, in the statement of the Catholic Bishops of America, it is said significantly: ". . . a contract between employers and employees would serve the purpose of individual and social welfare more effectively if it were modified by some form of partnership which would permit a graduated share in the ownership and profits of business and also some voice in its management." Union-management cooperation is a very Christian and human development in industrial democracy and industrial peace.

If the common people of the world are again frustrated in the attempt to break through the barriers of discrimination erected by selfishness and cynicism; if victory means a return to the social injustices, the political peonage and the hopelessness of the past—then the victory shall be a hollow one; the peace shall be but a prelude to future carnage; and this war shall be recorded as the supreme example of futile tragedy in history.

★

In human affairs there is a time for silence and a time for speech. There is a time for thought and a time for action. Inevitably, there comes a time for decision, for courage and for greatness. Such a time is upon you now. American labor has come of age. Now you must face your destiny as an organized and articulate group dedicated to the cause of human freedom everywhere. American labor stands as a symbol to all peoples. Its struggles and accomplishments have been an inspiration and a breath of hope to the oppressed everywhere.

In the shaping of the future, American labor must play a decisive part. The coming peace can offer but two choices: It shall be either a return to the discredited past or a bold step into the future. This is an exhilarating challenge, not to labor alone, but to industry and government, to embark upon the construction of a world of human beings, where fear and wretchedness will no longer exist; where oppression and exploitation of man by man will be abolished; where everyone will share in the common heritage of civilization and live a truly Christian life.

Of Rain and Dust

Rain, and then the wind from further west
where no rain fell, wind bringing dust
and the cold that always comes with dust
in early spring on the midwestern plain.
(Buds that the rain beat from the trees
are covered by the dust.)
Rain, and then the dust, and after that the rain
Again.

IRMA WASSALL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man Who Went Around in a Circle

Albert Eisele

"JAMES," said his father, at breakfast, "as soon as you've eaten I want you to go over to George Patch and help him move. Some of his neighbors and friends who have trucks are moving him—we have no truck, and I've got to go to town, but at least one of us should show up and help with the loading.

"I'll go," said James. "I'll take my gun along and walk across the field. It's just a mile."

So after breakfast James Farrow started afoot for the Patch home; he had his gun and struck out across a cornfield, hoping to stir up a rabbit or a partridge. Although it was the first day of March, the wind that blew from the northwest was bitterly cold and the day was gray and cheerless. The ground was covered with a thin but hard crust of snow.

James, who was seventeen and fond of hunting, shot a cottontail rabbit on his way to the Patch home. He put it, with the gun, under a pile of brush in the Patch grove and went up to the farmplace.

Coming up by the barn, he saw some neighbors forking hay from the mow and into a hayrack. One other hayrack was already loaded. There were about two loads of hay left in the mow when Patch's lease on the farm expired, and now his neighbors were moving it for him. The hay was badly cured; it was dusty and had a musty smell.

Two large trucks were being loaded with household goods, one backed up to the front door of the house and the other one to the back. James Farrow entered the house. It was cold inside—all the doors stood open, with one removed from its hinges in order to let the cook stove out. The heating stove was still in place, but the pipes were down and the room was full of coal gas.

"Three good crops will get me out of debt!" George Patch was saying to some one, as he padded into the room in his four-buckle overshoes. Patch was an elderly and white-haired man; he wore strong glasses, and had heart trouble. He was an honest and kindly man—too kindly, for he had spared the rod and spoiled his children, so that now, in his old and failing days, his boys had all left home and were of little or no help to him. He had never mastered the art of managing his work, and, as a result, was always "going around and around in a circle," as his neighbors said. His wife, who was twenty years younger than he, had long since lost patience with his general ineptness, treated him with scant mercy, and scolded him day in and day out.

"I've got the best creditors!" Patch was saying. "Yes sir, they're the finest fellows you ever saw! They never crowd me! I haven't had a dun now for nearly two weeks!" But no one seemed to be listening.

"Oh, I've got a lot in the cemetery, and it's all paid for, and there's where I'm going to be buried," Patch went on. "Emily, dear!" he said, as he came into the front room and caught sight of his wife, and he asked her questions about some boxes that had been packed full and tied with twine. Then he padded outdoors, where the two loads of hay had been trussed down with sling-ropes, hooked behind cars and were moving slowly down the road, the huge bulks looking like two circus elephants one following the other. Another neighbor had hooked two pieces of farm machinery behind his car—an old corn plow and a mower, and was ready to go. "I should have taken the sickle out of the mower," said Patch, "but I just didn't get around to it, and anyway, a good half-hour's mowing will take the rust off any sickle and make it shine like a new dollar!"

"How about the chickens?" some one asked him. "There are three crates full in the henhouse, but there are a lot of chickens loose yet!"

"Those are outdoor chickens," said Patch. "We couldn't catch them. Leghorns are just like birds." And Patch went back to the house, just in time to hear his wife exclaim, "That George!" in connection with something which he had promised to do but didn't.

James Farrow, in the meantime, was helping carry furniture downstairs to the front door truck, where the loading was being supervised by Big Joe Hammond, a dynamic and impatient type of man. Big Joe owned a half-section of land, rented more, and farmed it all with a battery of three tractors. Big Joe was supposed to have paid five thousand dollars in income tax for last year. He did everything with a bang—he was known to have dehorned, castrated and vaccinated bulls all at one and the same time. The bulls, after a couple of days of being miserably sore all over, always seemed to survive, too.

"Rags!" demanded Big Joe. "Rags! I buy rags—to stuff between these two tables! So the surfaces won't scratch!"

"Rags?" echoed Mrs. Patch; "you shouldn't have any trouble finding rags around this place!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I've seen rags all my life! That's all there is —rags!"

"There's a big box marked rags upstairs," said James Farrow. "I'll get it."

Later James unscrewed a mirror from a dresser and brought it down.

"A mirror should be packed in blankets," said Big Joe critically.

"There's more quilts upstairs yet," said James; "I'll get 'em and pack the mirror."

"Yes," said Big Joe, "do that, and then we'll slip it right in here, behind this bedstead. Gimme that chair there!" he said to one of his sons, who had come along; "I've got a place where it'll just fit—get a move on you! Break some of those cobwebs on you! The way you stand around somebody'll mistake you for a piece of furniture and throw you in the truck!"

"Oh, I've got a lot in the cemetery, and it's all paid for, and that's where I'm going to be buried," said Patch, appearing on the scene. "That's a comfort to know that you've got a place reserved for yourself. Emily, my dear," he addressed his wife, "there's about fifty Leghorns that we can't catch—will we have to leave them?"

"What else can we do?" cried Mrs. Patch, throwing up her hands. "Maybe you can go out some night and steal somebody else's chickens—but no, you'd get shot—you couldn't even steal chickens!"

It was shocking, as the neighbors readily agreed, the way Mrs. Patch tongue-lashed her husband; and to think, as was often recalled, that one year at the county fair Mrs. Patch won the husband-calling contest with her "Geor--gie, dear! Geor--gie, dear!" People also said that while George Patch's hair was white as snow, there was certainly a good-sized shock of it, and that this fine shock was due to the hair-pullings that he got from his wife, all of which stimulated his scalp. And while Mrs. Patch had complained all her life of a lack of money, there was another tale of how one day her husband gave her a five dollar bill on the street, only to have her blaze forth, "Don't you dare give me money in public! I'm not a street-walker!"

It was pretty well agreed, of course, that George Patch deserved what he got, since in his lifetime as a farmer he had never done much more than go around and around in a circle. Even now, in wartime, when all the farmers were making money, George Patch couldn't get ahead —when farmers on a quarter were paying as high as a thousand, or even two thousand dollars income tax, George Patch was always living from hand to mouth, always asking for credit, always broke. He was enough to make any woman lose heart.

All the household goods were finally loaded, and the two trucks departed for the new home. Mrs. Patch rode with one of the trucks.

"What's next?" asked Big Joe impatiently. The wind was sweeping through the trees and seemed to be getting colder.

"Behind the granary is an old table," said Patch. "I want to take it along. Just throw it on my trailer."

Big Joe and James Farrow went to get the old table. But it was frozen down. Its legs stood about three inches in the frozen earth.

"We'll have to get an axe," said Big Joe.

But there was no axe. Some one had loaded the axe and it was gone.

"There's a saw in the back of my car!" said Patch. "Just saw the legs off! It don't matter —I just want to use the table for a bench."

Big Joe got the saw from Patch's car and started sawing off a leg at the ground level. The saw's teeth were out of kelter and the saw persisted in going off to one side.

"Even his saw goes in a circle!" exclaimed Big Joe. Big Joe was impatient. He wanted to get everything loaded so he could go home. He wanted to get George Patch off his hands and forget about him. He wanted to go to town yet; he had some important business at the bank, he said, and the bank closed at three.

"What do the banks want to close for at three?" he asked, in disgust. "That's only the middle of the afternoon. With all the money in the country and changing hands you'd think the banks would stay open till sundown."

Patch came up to start his car. "Well boys," he said, "I guess everything's all loaded, and I'm surely much obliged to all of you for helping me move. But I won't say goodbye for good! As soon as we're settled in our new home, I want every one of you to come down and visit us, yes sir!" He cranked his old car, but it wouldn't start.

"Get in and work the choke," said Big Joe. "I'll crank her."

Patch got in and manipulated the choke, while Big Joe cranked. He cranked a while, then spun the motor, but still it wouldn't start.

"Put her in gear and we'll push her!" ordered Big Joe. "Out to the road—that ought to start her!"

Big Joe, James Farrow and two or three others got behind and pushed the car along the driveway and out to the main road. There they turned the car around and pushed it back to its starting place. The motor remained as dead as before. Everybody was out of wind.

"I'll fix her!" declared Big Joe angrily; "I'll get my car and pull her!"

Big Joe's car was pretty new yet—it was one of the last ones sold before the war started. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

backed up to Patch's old rattletrap and connected up with a log-chain.

"The main road is too rough," said Big Joe to Patch, "so we'll go out behind the grove in that stubblefield! There we'll have plenty of room, too!"

Away they went, following a field road that ran through the grove and that led to a broad stubblefield. James Farrow followed afoot, since this was on his way home and he was getting cold.

The broad field was covered with about two inches of hard-crusted snow, with the stubble protruding several inches, like whiskers due for the razor. Big Joe's heavy car broke through the crust, the snow-grip tires having good traction underneath, and the big car pulled the smaller one in a wide circle of about a quarter-mile circumference. Just as the circle was completed James Farrow came up, and Big Joe stopped his car.

"Did she start?" he asked James, with his thumb indicating the car behind.

"No," said James.

"Not yet!" called Patch, turning down a cracked window and sticking out his head, his white hair showing in ragged fringe.

"Then we'll go around till she does start!" called Big Joe. "Be sure you got her in gear! Hang on!" And away he went again, yanking the other car along with an angry and impatient air and following the circle that had been broken into the field.

James Farrow went over to the pile of brush and got his gun and his cottontail rabbit. He started for home. He was shivering with the cold, and there wasn't anything he could do to help Patch start his car. The skies were lowering, and it looked like there might be snow. All day the horizons had been alternately lifting and darkening, sometimes receding into a gun metal blue, but now the horizons were nearer, the skies lower, the wind colder, and James felt a sense of desolation heavy upon him.

He came to a small hill, and just before dropping down on the other side he looked back. The big new car was still towing the little old one, with George Patch going around and around in the windswept field.

Black and White in England

DONALD ATTWATER

IT WAS well known even before the war that here in Great Britain the general line on colored people (in so far as there was such a thing) was quite different from that in the United States. Since American troops have been here that difference has become notorious, and a very practical matter. No doubt it has been publicized from various angles in the United States; and no doubt many Americans at home are as puzzled as many Americans abroad by what seems to them—and I believe indeed is—the general English attitude: *viz,* that colored people resident or visiting among us should have and exercise just the same economic, political and social rights (the order is deliberate) as anybody else, and that any suggestion of separation or segregation or discrimination is abominable.

The puzzlement is mutual. The color question is really a part of the whole complex business of the attitude of us Britishers to yourselves and your troops; and not everyone answers that question in the same way. But a very common remark is, "I cannot understand how these white Americans, who are generally so courteous, so generous, so kind, can treat the Negroes in the way they do."

I often have to try to explain that contradiction. I often have to try to explain to Americans why the general English attitude to Negroes is what it is. But I am not setting out to try to answer either of those "whys." My business is more modest: to put down a few background particulars about "the English attitude" and of some recent examples of it.

As I have said, I believe that attitude is *in general* more than tolerant, it is positively friendly, on a basis of equality. But there are exceptions; and those exceptions seem to some extent to be a "class" phenomenon. The upholders of a color-bar are mainly, I believe, in the upper-middle class and, I think in a less degree, in the professional class, and it takes a mainly social form. I have heard it maintained that since the advent of American troops this color-bar attitude can be increasingly found in all classes. This may be true; but I personally find but little evidence of feeling against colored people among the working and lower-middle classes (readers will forgive these class categories—they provide the easiest way of being both clear and concise.) I hear criticism of the general white-American attitude particularly from the more socially—and politically—conscious workers now in the army. When I am in a mischievous mood I ask such critics: "Would your attitude be the same if there were enough Negroes in this country to make it worth while to use them to dilute labor and lower wages and standards of living—as was done in times past with the indigent Irish?" It is an angle with which, of course, the critics are quite unfamiliar.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that there was no "anti-colored" feeling among the rank-and-file of English people, even before the war. I call as my witness Mr. Learie Constantine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Constantine is a West Indian Negro from Trinidad. He is forty-two years old; his grandparents were slaves. In 1929 he came with his family to England, to work and study, and he became a professional cricketer at Nelson in Lancashire (every cricket fan knows his name). At present he is the Ministry of Labor welfare officer for West Indian technicians who are over here working in factories.

Last fall Mr. Constantine gave an autobiographical talk for the BBC. Many people who heard it will not easily forget it—I shall not—for its quietness, dignity and poignancy. And in the course of that broadcast we learned that in 1929 all was not plain-sailing for colored people in that industrial borough of Nelson.

> Those digs weren't easy to find, and it was made quite plain by the landlady that nobody else would take us; they didn't want any colored people. We weren't treated too well, and that caused us unhappiness. Then, too, most of the people in Nelson hadn't been used even to seeing colored people. We would be walking on one side of the pavement and some would just move across to the other side. We thought it was snobbery and nothing else, but really and truly it was because they were a little afraid of colored people. . . . This was what we discovered afterwards, of course, but for the time being we were pretty miserable.

But the Constantines stuck it out and lived it down, and now "on the whole, they couldn't treat me better in Trinidad than they do in Nelson. Some people even say, 'He's going to be mayor before he's done.'" They only meet color prejudice now outside Nelson. For example: "Not long ago I was dancing after work one evening at a hostel. Someone—he was not English, though he was in uniform—came up to me and said, 'Get out. You're not allowed in here.' I didn't get out. But after an incident like that I go home and I can't eat or sleep; I wake up in the middle of the night and it's there. I remembered that particular incident for about three nights. I used to wake up in the middle of the night and see it there in front of me. That did hurt."

But something more about Mr. Constantine. One fine day last year he reserved rooms for himself, his wife and daughter for four nights at a big London hotel, and was told there was no objection to their color. When they arrived, however, they were met by a refusal to accommodate them for more than one night because they were "nigger"; it came out in subsequent proceedings that this change of mind was in view of the fact that there were numerous white Americans staying at the hotel. Accordingly, Mr. Constantine sued the hotel for breach of contract.

The case was heard in the King's Bench division of the High Court in London, and in delivering judgment the judge, Mr. Justice Birkette, spoke strongly and plainly. The color of the plaintiff was not, he said, a "just cause or excuse" for refusing him accommodation (which indeed the defendants admitted). He stigmatized the hotel manageress as "grossly insulting" to Mr. Constantine, who was "obviously affected by the indignity and humiliation which had been put upon him." Mr. Constantine therefore won his case; and there were strong expressions of approval in the daily press and elsewhere.

★

Since then there has been another legal case, with a similar upshot, concerning another West Indian, Mr. George A. M. Roberts. Mr. Roberts is an electrician in a war factory, and he voluntarily joined the Home Guard. Then one day he turned up, in his military uniform, at a Liverpool dance-hall, and was refused admission because of his color. In protest he applied to resign from the Home Guard. This he was not allowed to do; so he refused to do Home Guard duties, and was summoned to court therefor. The magistrate fined him $25. Mr. Roberts appealed.

The appeal was heard by Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, the distinguished lawyer who is recorder (judge) of the Liverpool quarter-sessions court, and in the course of his judgment he said:

> I am told that the position of colored people in this country has somewhat changed since the nationals of one of our allies joined us. If anything I may say may offend citizens of some other allied countries, let me say that the allied nations make up a democratic world; and if they have color prejudice they must occasionally come into collision with people who have not. . . . I think it is impertinence for any country to accept the aid of colored people from any part of the world, and then to say, "Our laws do not enable us to deal with you on terms of complete equality." If we accept aid from colored people they should be the first to receive justice at our hand. They do not receive it, and it is a shameful business.

Mr. Roberts had of course committed an offense by disobeying orders, and the recorder registered his appreciation of the provocation received by reducing his fine to one farthing—half-a-cent, near enough.

I believe that those legal observations and decisions very fairly represent the general English line on the subject; and they were received with, so far as I know, unanimous approbation by organs of opinion, both popular and other.

Some time ago I noticed a colored girl in a company of "Ats" (British 'Wacs"). I commented on this to their officer, and asked if it caused any difficulties. "Certainly not," she replied, "the Negress is very popular and there is not a shadow of difficulty." "Isn't it true then," said I, shamming innocence, "that there is a natural antipathy between white and colored?" The officer laughed in my face. Since then I have come across other isolated Negroes, men and girls, in the forces, and the report has always been the same—no difficulties. (Oh yes,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I know that, going deeper, "isolated" is the significant word here).

My mind goes back forty years to when I was a boy at a private school; there were among us two Negro West Indian boys, "Big Sam" and "Little Johnny." They were received and treated by their fellows on their merits—which were high. Three-quarters of a century before that, Mr. Thackeray (in "Vanity Fair") wrote, without turning a hair, that among the young ladies at Miss Pinkerton's select academy for the daughters of the nobility and gentry on Chiswick Mall, London, there was "Miss Swartz, the rich woolly-haired mulatto from St. Kitt's."

Daughters of the nobility and gentry. Could Miss Swartz be at an expensive and exclusive school without raising any unfavorable comment today? I do not feel certain that she could. There is South Africa. And also India.

The Social Security Tax Freeze

HARVEY LEBRUN

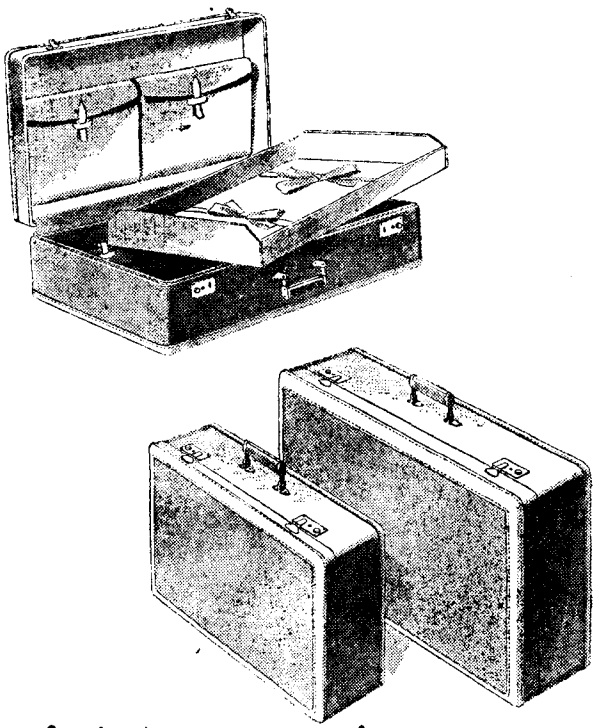
NOW THAT the President has signed the social security tax freeze bill to obviate congressional over-riding of his anticipated veto, it may be well to assess the realities behind the smokescreen of the arguments, in and out of Congress, in favor of the freeze.

Of course, the income and surplus from the current one percent levy on employers' payrolls and on employees' wages are more than adequate to meet the present social security benefits in the early years of the system.

The fact remains, nevertheless—as anyone knows who buys a "deferred annuity" from an insurance company, or is a member of a teachers' or a civil service pension system—that the long run average annual cost of even such modest old age and survivor's insurance as is provided under the Social Security Act is somewhere around six percent, not two percent, of wages. And this, even with all the economies that come from mandatory coverage of millions of people and from the absence of sales commissions, competitive advertising, $100,000 a year executives, etc.

It would be equitable and in line with traditional social insurance practice if this six percent cost were divided equally between contributions from employers, workers and the government. On that basis, the current contribution rate of one percent of workers' wages (up to $3,000 per annum) would need to be raised only to two percent—as long as employers likewise paid two percent, government guaranteeing the remainder.

B. ALTMAN & CO.



Wheary Luggage

light-weight and sturdy . . . 3-ply bass-wood veneer covered with canvas and bound with rawhide. In black and white wool-and-cotton tweed with natural binding, or brown and white with mahogany-color binding.

29 in. Pullman case with tray	**50.82**
26 in. Pullman case	**44.28**
21 in. overnight case	**29.16**

all prices include 20% Federal Tax

Altman luggage, main floor

B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To obtain his tax freeze last year, Senator Vandenberg had to accept an amendment that may make the government responsible for even more than this one-third of the costs of the old age insurance and survivors' benefits. The amendment authorized federal appropriations to meet *any* deficit that might develop in the social security fund, if the taxes and contributions prove inadequate to meet the scheduled benefits.

This amendment, however, was nothing for friends of social security to gloat over. It is quite likely to prove either dangerous or meaningless or reactionary. *Dangerous,* in that if carried to its logical extreme of continuing the one percent rate indefinitely, it would vitiate much of the psychological and the legal (contractual) value of the contributory principle. Social security would then become, not a right to which one is entitled because of his own contributions, but merely another government handout, subject to diminution or recall with every change of political administration. *Meaningless,* because it is not likely that the proponents of the freeze would ever permit the government to be saddled with any sizable social security deficit. As soon as the deficit looms large enough, Senator Vandenberg, or his successors, will undoubtedly see to it that the law is changed in some way to preclude such government largesse. *Reactionary,* because the way that the Senator and his cohorts will then seek to change the law will be by reducing or eliminating its benefits.

In any event, the looming deficits will prove powerful ammunition for all those who oppose liberalization and extension of the social security system. And the repeated freezing of the rate at one percent, which the amendment has made so easy, will encourage people to think that social security *should* cost them only one percent, thus making it more difficult to bring about an adequate and comprehensive social security system with its much greater financial requirements.

Thus, freezing the rates may well turn out to be a way to freeze the social security system.

★

Mr. Morgenthau and the President undoubtedly got out on a shaky economic limb when they opposed the social security tax freeze on the ground of the Treasury's war-time needs and their desire to add to the government's anti-inflationary measures. Nevertheless, as Sir William Beveridge has made it clear, a country's social security system is a part of, and needs to be fitted into, its general economy. If the scheduled contributions are adequate to finance a sound system of social security, that is all that is essential. If, incidentally, they help the Treasury and aid in keeping down dangerous inflationary tendencies, so much the better—as long as the primary objective of building an adequate and equitably financed social security structure is not lost to sight or jeopardized.

The present Social Security Act was adopted in times of depression and deflation. It was therefore almost mandatory that the initial contribution rates be kept at considerably less than the amounts needed for long run financial soundness. Now we are in an era of inflation and easy money, and it would be the part of wisdom to advance the rates immediately to the level needed to put the system on a sound, equitable and adequate basis.

As for possible deflation and depression in the post-war years, increased social security benefits and greater numbers of beneficiaries will help to stabilize consumer demand, keep up employment, and supplement the other measures, national, international and local, that will need to be taken by government and business to prevent or stop depression and minimize deflation. Tax burdens on industry and workers will then need to be eased, not by endangering the social security system with inadequate rates, but by reorganizing the general tax system.

Some of the proponents of the freeze have shed crocodile tears over the fact that raising the contribution rates would be hard on low paid wage earners, and would prove more burdensome to little than to big business.

Of course payroll taxes and undifferentiated taxes on wages are regressive. Any additions to such taxes will fall much harder on store clerks than on insurance company presidents, and harder on struggling little retail merchants than on prosperous big war industries. (Like advertising, they are deducted before figuring excess profits taxes.)

But social security "taxes" are not really taxes —any more than payments for water, gas, electricity or subway transportation are taxes. They are payments for specific benefits—to employer and employees—just the same as if purchased from private insurance companies. (Some employers and employees do purchase additional old age insurance and other benefits from private insurance companies.) Such payments or "contributions," even though they fall harder on little than on big business, and are more burdensome to low than to high paid workers, are no more unfair than the fact that the store clerk and the insurance president pay the same price for a loaf of bread, a subway ride, a newspaper, etc. In the case of employers, they are no more unfair than the fact that little businesses pay the same advertising rates, and the same commissions to advertising agencies as big businesses.

The remedy for these, as for other inequities of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our tax system, is to be found, not in an inadequate and unsoundly financed social security system, but in a thorough overhauling and reform of our whole tax system.

The most effective argument for freezing the tax rate was that, since there is no immediate emergency in the financing of the old age insurance and survivors benefits, any increase in rates might just as well wait for the liberalization and expansion of the entire social security system which is sure to come very soon—since both political parties were for it at the last election—and which, of course, will call for an expert re-examination of the entire social security financial structure.

Senator Vandenberg's plan for an expert study of the financing that will be required by his conception of an expanded social security system, however, envisages "expanded coverage and expanded benefits" *only under the "old-age section of the Social Security Act." Also*—and this is indicative of the speed with which he evidently plans to carry out the Republican Party's platform pledge—he has asked for a report on this study *by October* 1, 1945!

The one percent rate cannot be continued much longer without danger of becoming a fixture in American psychology and practice. And the social security system cannot continue limited to its present narrow benefits without losing much of its potentialities for stabilizing consumer demand, promoting employment, and counteracting depression and deflation in the post-war era. President Roosevelt has already promised to present an expanded social security program of his own in his coming message to Congress. It is important to see to it that he does not again hold back health insurance from his program out of fear of the AMA. It will be up to Senator Wagner, the CIO, the AFL, the National Farmers Union and other groups concerned for the development of a truly comprehensive social security system in America to press *immediately after Congress reconvenes* for such an expansion of the present system as shall not only provide larger old age insurance and survivors benefits, but also bring about drastic improvements in the present hodgepodge of unemployment compensation laws and establish adequate, nation-wide health insurance, medical care and permanent disability benefits. A social security system that shall assure a decent national minimum of protection for all Americans and their families against all the hazards of present day life over which the individual has little or no control and for which the masses of people are unable or unwilling to make adequate provision of their own. One that, from its very inception, will be financed adequately and in large measure from the contributions of employers and employees—and shall therefore offer its benefits to them as an assured right, rather than as a government handout.

In other words, some such system as was envisaged by the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill, introduced—and left to die—in the last session of Congress.

If the friends of social security do not move aggressively and soon for these things, Senator Vandenberg, the AMA and the insurance companies certainly will not.

The Screen

Many Mansions

FAITH and humility are the main themes in the story of Francis Chisholm. *"The Keys of the Kingdom"* tells this story from his childhood in Scotland (where Chisholm saw Catholics cruelly persecuted and his own parents drown) through his troubled period in college and as a young priest, and finally through his long years as a missionary in China. The main tale, like A. J. Cronin's novel on which it is based, consists of a lengthy flashback set in a framework of scenes laid in Scotland. A monsignor, visiting elderly Father Chisholm in 1938 to investigate peculiarities in the administration of his parish, decides to recommend the priest's retirement. But instead of going to bed that night, the monsignor reads Father Chisholm's journal; and the main events from it are visualized so that we can see what makes this emissary from the bishop change his report.

From the beginning Francis Chisholm is established as an individualist. He was brought up by distant relatives after the death of his parents. At Holywell College he was restless, homesick and in love. He saw in the death of Nora and in his parents' tragic end a sign from God. He became a priest and failed dismally (so we are told) in his first two curacies. But to Bishop MacNabb, who was partial to him and filled with joy at Chisholm's rebellious nature, the young priest was no failure. He offered Father Chisholm a new start as a missionary in China and the priest proved the bishop's prophecy: "You are in the Church not by accident, but

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE in
EMBEZZLED HEAVEN
A New Play by L. BUSH-FEKETE & MARY HELEN FAY
Based on a novel by FRANZ WERFEL
with ALBERT BASSERMAN
NATIONAL THEATRE, 41st West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

6th YEAR—Marching On!
LIFE WITH FATHER
America's Most Beloved Comedy
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way 40 ST.
Evgs 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a reason." The major part of the film takes place in the Province of Chek-kow and shows Chisholm winning men to the church with loving patience and through the example of a Christian life. His beginnings were slow; even after many years he was berated by visiting Monsignor Mealy for having the lowest convert rate. But Father Chisholm would accept no rice-Christians, no converts who came out of gratitude instead of belief. As a result we know that his assembled flock who bid him farewell some thirty years later (in one of the picture's most touching scenes) were true Catholics, true disciples of this humble priest who had carried the keys entrusted to Peter.

"The Keys of the Kingdom" is an unusual film and an extremely moving one. After its melodramatic start (the episodes about the parents, and the sensational Nora incidents) the pace changes, and the events in China are portrayed with almost documentary simplicity. Father Chisholm's sincerity, his courage in meeting adversity and his perseverance provide fascinating cinema material. The film, even with its episodic quality, is an improvement on the book. Anyone who doubts the masterful job done by Nunnally Johnson and Joseph Mankiewicz should compare their fine script with the original novel. They have omitted much, in some cases whole sections of the story, like Francis's life with the Glennies in Scotland, the interlude in the Spanish seminary, the effects of World War I on Chisholm's mission, the theatrical incident of the kidnapping by bandits. They have condensed and combined chapters effectively. Francis's early, unsuccessful curacies are only referred to. The Chinese plague and the war, in which the mission is caught between the Imperial and Revolutionary troops, occur simultaneously and furnish the only exciting action in the longest part of the film. Unfortunately the scriptwriters fell into Cronin's habit of crowding too much plot and affliction (of a best-seller type) in their translation of the early scenes of Chisholm's journal; but their whole screenplay, especially in its characterizations, has succeeded beautifully in displaying the warm and human quality of the original tale.

In directing his large cast John Stahl insisted on straightforward performances free from histrionics. Except for the central figure, none of the rôles is lengthy. Outstanding are Thomas Mitchell as Francis's big-hearted friend who lived and died an atheist; Rosa Stradner as class-conscious Maria-Veronica, the Bavarian nun whose disdain for humble Father Chisholm was a great trial to him; Edmund Gwenn as Headmaster at Holywell and later Bishop MacNabb who had faith in Chisholm and was certain that he would never become an ecclesiastical mechanic; Vincent Price as Father Mealy, Francis's stuffy, unctuous contemporary whose rise in the Church contrasts vividly with Father Chisholm's selfless rôle; Benson Fong as Joseph who came to the mission shortly after the priest's arrival and remained a devoted follower. Joseph Mankiewicz's production includes many more good actors in smaller rôles and a large number of well-cast Chinese players. Naturally in a picture of this length the leading character is most important. The choice of Gregory Peck for this was inspired. Peck, who has been seen in only one other film ("Days of Glory") gives a completely unaffected performance. His gaunt figure and face (suggesting a young Cary Grant and Gary Cooper) lend themselves perfectly to the ascetic Father Chisholm. Tenderness, humor, strength, unostentatious love and sacrifice are evident in this newcomer's fine performance that stands out as one of the year's best. Gregory Peck should go far in films, but he will always be remembered for the simple sincerity of his portrait of this priest.

Perhaps one of the greatest points in favor of the movie version of "The Keys of the Kingdom" is its frank admission of human frailty of all men including those in the Church. Characters like those of Maria-Veronica, dominated by pride, and Angus Mealy, motivated by personal ambition and worldliness, are found within Mother Church in spite of her teachings. And the Church is stronger for acknowledging them. There are hundreds of unsung Chisholms for every known Mealy. Even Francis Chisholm, who merits the admiration of all for his goodness, humility and tolerance carried this tolerance beyond the degree of acceptability almost to the point of error. And perhaps in this, he too showed his weakness. At the end of the movie, the visiting monsignor says to him: "It is an honor to have known you." And so it is also for us—in this inspiring film. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

ROAD TO THE OCEAN. *Leonid Leonov. Fischer.* $3.00.

Crime Without Punishment

THE STORY is that the totalitarian state shrivels up all creative faculties. Only the Germans and Italians who are exiles from their respective countries, for instance, have been producing solid things of late, and none of these, even, appears to be any great shakes. In Russia, they say, it is somewhat different, for cultural autonomy is preserved and even encouraged under the Soviets. Consider the ballet, the music of Shostakovich, and such novels as "All Quiet Flows the Don" and its successors. That is some evidence, if it is hardly overwhelming. And now there is Leonov's "Road to the Ocean," the *chef d'oeuvre* of a man whom Maxim Gorky places in the company of Pushkin, Turgenev, Dostoievsky and Tolstoy.

Is there any basis for such an accolade? There are certain marked resemblances. Leonov's hero, the politbureau chief of a railway line, is as pitilessly dissected as almost any character in the Russian classics. So, too, his close and chance acquaintances, who comprise a highly unappetizing lot. Leonov can describe squalor, sickness, repulsive features and old age with the best of them. And everyone, perhaps because of the dictatorship, is so taken up with his own security, and whatever slight measure of comfort he can lay hold of now and then, that the group as a whole is anything but appealing. At times the system affords neat opportunities for personal or family revenge. The utopian ideal of the "Ocean" toward which the Soviet society is now traveling on turgid streams or over rocky roads matters little in the individual's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PAGES OF A MEMORABLE BOOK POUR THEIR MAGIC INTO A GREAT AND A THRILLING MOTION PICTURE!

Drama surging
from a man's
inner heart
...to the great
heart of China!
The adventure
of a man in
search of himself!

A. J. CRONIN'S

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

with

GREGORY PECK · THOMAS MITCHELL · VINCENT PRICE · ROSA STRADNER · RODDY McDOWALL · EDMUND GWENN · SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
PEGGY ANN GARNER · JANE BALL · JAMES GLEASON · ANNE REVERE · RUTH NELSON · BENSON FONG · LEONARD STRONG

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL · Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ · Screen Play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Nunnally Johnson

Now! RIVOLI, B'way at 49th St. Doors open 10 A. M.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

primitive struggle for existence which absorbs most human energies.

Leonov seems to excel as a satirist above all else He clearly points to such things as the exaltation of transportation facilities at the expense of human lives, for instance. Or the bureaucratic set-up which makes it easy to dispose of a personal enemy if you know the right people or exercise sufficient guile. Again, one of the petty officials on being catechized by a superior about the existence of God replies that He has not existed for sixteen years. Finally, in the vision of the future, humanity is pictured as reacting so badly to the gadgets and comforts and scientific wonders of the distant "Ocean" toward which Soviet man is struggling that that utopia is robbed of much of its motivating force.

When it comes to dispensing gloom Leonov can move in the very first rank. It is not only that his pitilessly-mirrored characters almost invariably repel. But the career of the hero, Kurilov himself, could hardly be more depressing. Only when he is playing with six-year-old Ziamka, son of a young woman he has long admired, has he any moments of happiness. Otherwise he is thwarted at every turn. Whenever love is to be bestowed on him in his loneliness, fate always intervenes. In his last days this takes the form of a cancer which he himself suspects to be fatal, although he will not even admit it to himself. He suffers unconscionably. Just to make his end more gruesome, he dies as the result of an operation by a surgeon who has been craftily persuaded by an enemy of Kurilov that the railway official had been making love to the surgeon's own estranged wife.

"Road to the Ocean" is highly successful in creating an atmosphere. It teems with people tagged with names strange-sounding to American readers, yet it moves swiftly if painfully, thanks to traditional Russian narrative art. It is an unforgettable picture of Soviet Russia in the thirties when a whole nation was scrambling against terrible odds to prepare for an attack foreseen by most of the Soviet leaders. Then as now human life was dirt cheap.

More Books of the Week

Sunday After The War. Henry Miller. New Directions. $3.00.

IN THE Piazza di Spagna, in the rue de Rivoli, always in or near a tea shop, there would be the white Tauchnitz paper bound books in English and there was never anything in them that was not safe and known. When you were abroad and wanting to read English those were the books you would buy. You would read about the new writers at home and perhaps someone would send you a book by a new writer but you knew that you could not keep up with the new writers and you did not even want to do this because there were all the European writers and no matter when they wrote they were the new writers to you and they were the writers you wanted to read. Anyone who wrote in a new language was a new writer to you. A novel in Italian when you hardly could read Italian, or in French, was a new novel; it carried a new and strong power in it—because of the language—no matter whether it was an important book or not. That was one of the reasons why you were in Europe.

So that in other bookstores which were not near or in the respectable tea shops, when you saw a book by a new writer written in English but published on the Continent you would not want to buy it. You would not want any adventures in experimental English writing to interfere with your experimental reading of European books. And then, would such books be respectable? It was all right for Tauchnitz to reprint Meredith but was it all right for some American or Englishman—particularly an American or an English woman—to publish his or her book in Paris or in Florence and why did he or she not publish it with Harper and Bros.? That of course is the way people must have felt in Belgium in the eighteenth century when they saw books by Frenchmen that were not printed in France. "Pas chrétien," the Belgians must have said. Or the Dutch in Amsterdam. You would not want to buy these books because, since political tracts no longer are exiled from the lands in which they are written, it seemed very certain that what had been delivered to continental printers necessarily must be straight pornography. There were in fact many such books printed in English abroad; and the prejudice among nice people living or traveling abroad was there also; that is why some of them do not possess—who saw and could have bought—the first edition of "Ulysses." The idea that all the books printed in English abroad were pornography, however eruditely drawn from the history of political tracts, was a generalization, as such insufficient. Every so often more accurate minds would question the generalization and actually look at the books on sale in these odd Anglo-European publishing houses. Reading the books the prejudice would still be there and it took a very good book to overcome it. A very serious book.

In the case of Mr. Henry Miller's books, which were printed in Paris, this prejudice was not overcome in this reviewer's mind. They were serious enough but they were also obscene; they were also surrealist, realist; they were filled with ugly words, hideous scenes; they were indeed tragic, but in practice it seemed best to leave them alone. They were shocking and it is time that we dare use this word because there is no use hurting people beyond bearance, beyond their capacity to be hurt usefully, to be shocked into pity. There is no use in having people shocked and hurt and maimed; there is a useful shock and a useless shock. That is the way some people felt about Mr. Miller's Paris books. Mr. Farrell's books, printed in the U.S.A., shocked also, but that shock seemed a shock one was compelled to endure. Out of a sense of duty. Out of a feeling that there were certain evasions that were not permissible. You could not turn away from Farrell because what shocked you in his writings was something for which you were responsible, as an American, as a Christian. But you were not responsible for that which went on in Mr. Miller's sub-conscious and in his most revolting dream world. That one could —and did—leave aside. What he wrote about was for scientists; also it was for the compassion of saints who can endure anything and who can help in anything. You left Mr. Miller to be taken care of by a saint.

Mr. Miller has returned to America. The books he wrote in Paris will not be introduced to America. What one may have felt about them in Paris remains with the Paris years. There is no use talking about books that will not be read here. The point was to mention the prejudice that was brought home from Paris to America and which of course had not been lost or changed when

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Miller's new book "Sunday After the War" was published in America and is now reviewed. This volume is a collection of his work in progress and it is simplest to say at once that most of this work resembles his Paris work with a certain number of deleted horrors—with an ample number of horrors remaining. A book in the main still for the technician, the scientist or the saint. A book not for anyone else. Is that clear? A book not recommended.

Then why mention it? Because it contains a story, "Reunion in Brooklyn." This story is not recommended for people who just want to read a story. It is one of the saddest stories ever written, one of the most desolate, one of the most painful, one of the hardest to take. But a story that a certain number of readers will have to take just as they had to take Farrell. The same kind of readers. It is not the same kind of a story, not in the least degree; there is no resemblance. Except in that this story arouses pity also. It is the kind of story that if a reviewer happens upon it he may not remain silent about it. No matter what else is in the book, no matter what else its author has written, at home or abroad.

C. G. PAULDING.

Crab Apple Jelly. Frank O'Connor. Knopf. $2.50.

A NUMBER of years ago an Irish lady lent me a new book. It was called "Guests of the Nation," and it was written by Frank O'Connor. Poets and novelists are frequently better historians than are the professional writers of history, as is proved by Benét's "John Brown's Body." The terrible tenderness and pity that reside in the human spirit, the contest between what William James used to call the tough minded and the tender minded, the war in men's minds between the requirements of patriotism and the respect for human life—these things are known by artists.

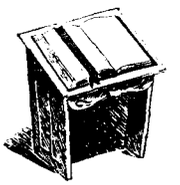
And it was these wonderful things that Mr. O'Connor put into the earlier book, which dealt with what the Irish call the Trouble. But he did more even than that. He wrote with such power, paragraph leaping in surging waves over paragraph—like the music of Tchaikowski's "Swan Lake"—as I had not known since I used to read Victor Hugo.

Judged by that standard this new book of short stories is a little and a lesser thing. But judged against contemporary American short stories these are of high order. Mr. O'Connor sees and understands; he has a discomfiting knowledge of men and women. I do not suppose that his respect for them has lessened, but none of the characters we find here is as brave or as tender as those in the earlier book. Sketched sharply are little, acetic portraits that stay a long time in the mirror of your mind.

But they are portraits of those who have frustration in their hearts, of those who are discontent, of those who are intolerably and forever hurt. These people live in shame, loving and being unloved; they are flawed in character. Eagerness has fled from their eyes and one can sense the predestinate dilution of spiritual vitality. Their lives are angular and know no grace. Life has failed them somehow, who cannot now die or retreat.

Mr. O'Connor discloses the puritan chasteness that is the uneasy chasteness of the Irish. He reveals the eager and yet held surrender to liquor of those who are hunted by their own natures. He discovers to us the uneasy relations of children to adults whose character is made obscenely naked by too much drink. He gives

A unique compendium of the best religious thought of our day



Best Sermons

1944 SELECTION

Edited by G. PAUL BUTLER

AN inspiring collection of 52 sermons—Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish—from 17 states and 4 foreign countries. A cross-section of the pronouncements of the wartime pulpit on the momentous human problems of common concern to all.

More than 6,000 sermons were submitted for this volume. The selection was made by the Editor and an Advisory Committee representing all three faiths.

THE CATHOLIC MEMBERS OF THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE:

Very Rev. Ignatius Smith, O.P.
Rev. John J. Cronin, S.S.
Rev. Gerald G. Walsh, S.J.

Each of the Catholic sermons included bears the *Imprimatur* of the Church

AMONG THE CATHOLIC CHURCHMEN REPRESENTED:

Joseph-Ernest, Cardinal Van Roey, Primate of Belgium
Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati
Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York
Most Rev. Robert E. Lucey, Archbishop of San Antonio
Most Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa
Most Rev. Gerald P. O'Hara, Bishop of Savannah-Atlanta
Very Rev. Ignatius Smith, O.P., Catholic University of America
Right Rev. Msgr. John Augustine Ryan, Director of N.C.W.C. Social Action Dept.
Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell, Society for the Propagation of the Faith
Right Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, Catholic University of America
Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S. J., President Fordham University

At all bookstores, $3.00

ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Chicago—New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

which prepares its students for business or the professions. Exceptionally strong faculty. Fully accredited. Courses leading to B.A. or B.S. Degrees. Conducted by priests of the Archdiocese of St. Paul, assisted by lay Professors.

Address Registrar
COLLEGE OF ST. THOMAS
St. Paul 1, Minn.

Add to Your
Regular War Savings!

BUY ANOTHER BOND

Every effort is needed to end the war more quickly.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW
Edited by CHRISTOPHER DAWSON
Founded 1836. *The oldest Catholic periodical in the English language.*

October-December Issue:
The Resurrection of France—
Considerations on Eric Gill—
Gerard Manley Hopkins—

Issued Quarterly Yearly Subscription $4
American Agent
THE COMMONWEAL 386 Fourth Avenue New York 16, N. Y.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE
NOTRE DAME
HOLY CROSS, INDIANA
SCHOOL OF SACRED THEOLOGY
for Sisters and Lay-women
Prerequisites: A degree of Bachelor of Arts
A reading knowledge of Latin

Mount Saint Agnes Junior College
Mount Washington, Baltimore 9, Maryland
Resident and Day Students
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts, Music, Pre-technician, Homemaking, Pre-nursing, General and Medical Secretarial Curricula leading to Associate in Arts Diploma

us the slyness and furtiveness of the old, the inarticulate alienation that is the relation between so many Irish children and their parents.

For the most part the people in this book are haunted, lonely with awful incommunicable loneliness. They are unfree, cramped, narrow, and somehow soiled. They want to be touched with magic, but magic has died in their souls. They become cautious, timid, avaricious, afraid; and often they hurt themselves in vain attempts to escape from the terrible and difficult business of having to live.

Not the least of puzzling things about these puzzling men and women is that people ordinarily so inarticulate can sometimes speak so wonderfully. When one of Mr. O'Connor's young men sees a particular girl for the first time he says: "Child of Light, thy limbs are burning through the veil which seems to hide them." How wonderful that kind of speech is can be realized by listening to some of the talk in Hemingway, in Faulkner or in John O'Hara. FRANCIS DOWNING.

Contemporary Spanish-American Fiction (1914-1942). *Jefferson Rea Spell. Chapel Hill.* $3.00.

For those interested in the subjects about which current Latin-American novelists and short story writers are concerning themselves, this is an excellent study. It is so filled with digests of story plots that there is little space for any satisfactory critical analysis.

The Inner Forum

Vision of Christian Unity

THE broad scope of the Church Unity Octave which is observed annually from January 18, the Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome, to January 25, the Conversion of St. Paul, makes this movement of prayer appealing to all Christian peoples. Not only do Catholics make this their great work of charity each year, and it is charity of the highest order for it allows for no selfish motives, but it is faithfully observed also by many Protestants and some Jews. This is not strange, however, for the Church Unity Octave had a unique origin which almost demands such universal participation.

The vision of Christian unity, for which Christ prayed the night before He died, inspired an Episcopalian clergyman to inaugurate an eight-day period of prayer each year to effect that unity so sorely needed in a divided Christendom. He beheld with unconcealed admiration the unity within the Catholic Church, which was Hers from the days when Christ walked this earth. He desired that all Protestant sects, which had lost this unity with the religious revolts of the sixteenth century, to once more share in its fruits. The Church Unity Octave was the result of his efforts to make this dream a reality, and each year since that memorable year of 1908 when it was first observed at Graymoor by Father Paul Wattson, for that was the name of this "Apostle of the Primacy of Peter," it has gained momentum and spread wherever Christian peoples dwell.

God was not unmindful of the humble work of this brave Episcopalian Franciscan who exposed himself to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

censure and even expulsion from the ministry for daring to preach so boldly in defense of the Holy Father of Christendom. The precious gift of Faith was granted to Father Paul and his few but devoted followers at Graymoor and, one year after the first Church Unity Octave was observed, the Society of the Atonement was received into the Catholic Church.

Because every man prays at some time or other—no matter whether he be Catholic, Protestant or Jew—the program of the Church Unity Octave is not difficult to fulfill. Essentially it is a program of prayer for only prayer can effect the wholesome Christian unity which the world so sorely needs. To pray for that end which the Church proposes in its annual Octave of Prayer from January 18 to January 25, is indeed the work of every man, regardless of race or creed or color. Let all recall that this is truly a work of charity—that all men might be one. Monsignor Sheen, for example, has indicated the futility of a merely political unity which is based primarily on the hatred of a common enemy. The unity must be stronger, more solidly founded for, as Monsignor Sheen states: "Flimsy, indeed, is the unity of Jews and Christians which is based only on the hatred of a common enemy. Strong will it be the day we ground it on prayers to a common God." Let the Church Unity Octave be a prelude to that more universal worship of the One God which we believe will one day be a reality. Let the prayer of Christ for the unity of His followers be our prayer this year when we observe the Church Unity Octave: "That they all may be one, as Thou Father in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

Each day of the Octave has a different Intention for which the prayers of the faithful are asked.

January 18 (*Feast of Saint Peter's Chair at Rome*)—The return of the "other sheep" to the One Fold of Christ.
January 19—The return of Oriental Separatists to Communion with the Apostolic See.
January 20—The submission of Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.
January 21—That the Lutherans and other Protestants of continental Europe may find their way back to Holy Church.
January 22—That Christians in America may become one in union with the Chair of Saint Peter.
January 23—Return to the Sacraments of lapsed Catholics.
January 24—Conversion of the Jews.
January 25 (*Feast of the Conversion of Saint Paul*)—The Missionary Conquest of the World for Christ.

LEWIS FURLAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

Francis DOWNING is assistant educational director of the United Auto Workers CIO.

The Most Rev. Bernard J. SHEIL is Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago and is the founder of the Catholic Youth Organization.

Irma WASSALL is a Kansas poet.

Albert EISELE writes a column for farm papers and cultivates the soil at Blue Earth, Minn.

Donald ATTWATER is the author of many books and is the editor of the Catholic Dictionary.

Harvey LEBRUN was formerly acting executive director of the American Association for Social Security.

Rev. Lewis F. FURLAN S.A., is chairman of the Church Unity Octave Committee of the Catholic Student's Mission Crusade.

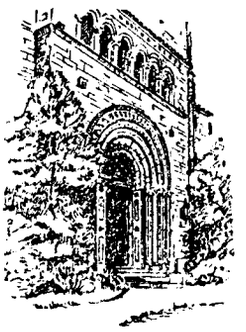
College of CHESTNUT HILL

Chestnut Hill
Pennsylvania

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph

Approved by the Association of American Universities.

For further information write to the Registrar.



Prospective students should make early application.

SETON HILL COLLEGE

GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Pre-Professional Training for Medicine, Law, and Social Service. Teacher Education.

Degrees in Liberal Arts, Music, Home Economics

Accredited by Association of American Universities

Women from 11 foreign countries and 37 American States

Immaculata COLLEGE

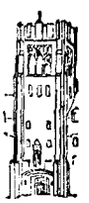
IMMACULATA, PENNSYLVANIA

Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Music Degrees.

Swimming pool, lake, campus 327 acres, athletics, riding, sports. View-book on request.

Fully Accredited
Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary
40 minutes from Philadelphia

Phone: Malvern 2201 Cable: Marimmac



SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE NOTRE DAME

HOLY CROSS, INDIANA

Fully accredited liberal arts college for women.

Conducted by Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Courses leading to degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Music, Bachelor of Science. Academic and professional courses in Nursing. Graduate Department of Sacred Theology.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE BOX 71 HOLY CROSS, IND.
(Railroad Station: South Bend, Ind.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next Week

With a January 2 mass meeting scheduled for Madison Square Garden in New York and called for the purpose of promoting a severance of diplomatic relations between the United States and Franco Spain, The Commonweal is happy to announce as a feature in next week's issue "EVOLUTION OR REVOLUTION," by Alfredo Mendizábal. The author concerns himself with the same objective as that which the "Nation Associates" claim to have: the establishment of a Spanish Republic. (See our editorial comment in this issue.) But this is no subterfuge with Professor Mendizábal, who proposes the only solution of the Spanish problem which will bring reconciliation and lasting peace to his embittered homeland.

LA GRANDE ARGENTINA, by George P. Doherty, is an objective study of the prospects of that leading South American nation now headed by a régime not friendly to Pan Americanism or to the United States. His informative analysis is based on an appreciation of that nation's present economic development, resources of every kind and likely future needs. His proposals for Argentina are the result of months of first-hand study. Mr. Doherty's outline of the specifically Catholic angle of the Argentine problem appears in the January *Harper's*.

PETER F. ANSON, by Harry Lorin Binsse, is a character sketch of a fascinating figure. Mr. Anson, the son of an English admiral, is an artist, writer and fisherman by trade. He is one of the best known English Catholic authors although few if any of his books have been published over here. One of his greatest accomplishments is the part he has played in the organization and spread of the Apostleship of the Sea.

Also comments, books, plays and movies of the week.

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $1. Please send the next 15 issues to:

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

1/5/45

Educational

PREP SCHOOLS—BOYS

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island. 23 miles from Providence, 8 miles from Newport. Conducted by American Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation, assisted by Lay Masters. Curriculum based on 14 centuries of Benedictine educational tradition, prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Six forms, comprising 7th and 8th grades and four years of high school. Standard Preparatory Course. Added opportunities in Mathematics and Physics. College Board Examinations.

DELBARTON SCHOOL

A country day and boarding school conducted by Benedictine Monks for boys in the sixth to the tenth grades. Massive granite building. 400 acres. Intramural sports. Small classes. Personal supervision. Address: Headmaster, Delbarton School, Morristown, New Jersey. Morristown 4-3231.

BUYERS DIRECTORY

★ A listing of approved sources of supply . . . products and services . . . for the individual . . . the Home . . . the Institution.

★ Rate for your message: 50c a line. Three lines minimum space. Discounts 5% for 13 times, 15% for 52 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

HOTEL

★ COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL
Boston, Mass.
2 minutes from Back Bay R. R. Station

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts. *Catalogs.*
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York.

LANGUAGES

★ LANGUAGE SERVICE, 18 East 41st St., N. Y. 17. Phonograph Courses. All Makes. Also Books. All languages. Specialty Brazil, Portugal, Spanish America. 100,000 have benefited by our Service. *Booklet C.* State language.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED